

THE SILENT WORLD.

Vol. IV.

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No. 21.

REST IN THE LORD.

God draws a cloud over each gleaming morn.
 Would we ask why?
 It is because all noblest things are born
 In agony.
 Only upon some cross of pain or woe
 God's Son may lie;
 Each soul redeemed from self and sin must know
 Its Calvary.
 Yet must we crave for neither joy nor grief;
 God chooses best:
 He only knows our sick soul's fit relief,
 And gives us rest.
 More than our feeble hearts can ever pine
 For holiness,
 The Father, in his tenderness divine,
 Yearneth to bless.
 What though we fall, and bruised and wounded lie,
 Our lips in dust?
 God's arm shall lift us up to victory:
 In Him we trust.
 For neither life, nor death, nor things below,
 Nor things above,
 Shall ever sever us that we should go
 From His great love.

—Frances Power Cobbe.

THE FIVE COBBLERS OF BRESCIA.

RADIANT summer was reigning over the rugged and picturesque old city of Brescia L'Armata. Italian sunshine wrought its magic on everything. A blue elysian haze encircled the town, with gold-green acacias peering sleepily through it, olive-hued poplars piercing it, and the fairy-like towers of rock-borne fortresses shining rosily across it out of the sky. Red roofs and chimneys burned; tall, dingy houses lifted their painted brows out of black depths of shadow, and grew brilliant with gazing at the sun. Narrowest vicoletti breaking the blocks of the dwellings looked like dark fissures in a mountain; fresco pictures on the fronts of the houses in the open streets blazed with—almost—their original color, and oleanders in the rusty balconies flashed out pink and scarlet and crimson, making garlands of fire all down the time-darkened walls.

A young girl was entering the town by a hilly road on the outskirts, a solitary figure, threading the tall poplars, and surrounded by a background of scenery, like one of Titian's pictures. A blending of the gay, the fantastic, and the sombre were noticeable in the face and apparel of this maiden, making her peculiarly picturesque, as she advanced out of the ethereal blues and greens of the distance, and took her way through the deep-colored streets of the town.

It was evidently all new to her, for she gazed at everything as a foreigner gazes. In the market-place she peeped curiously under the great white umbrellas of the fruit-women, and spoke in broken Italian when she purchased a piece of ripe melon, to quench her thirst of travel. The two strange men of metal who hammer out the hour on the face of the great clock made her start as they stepped forward to their work, and the paintings on the fronts of the houses, with their curious stories told in half brilliant, half-blotted colors, had a fascination for her as she leaned against a wall and enjoyed her refreshment. The market was going on at the time. Carts rolled about, voices sang and shouted, the yellow

curtains fluttered out from the black shadows of the little shops at the side of the street, figures of young girls, of mothers with children, appeared among the fire-flowers in the balconies and nodded down to other people who were gazing up from below. A stone pierced the girl's shoe, which was worn with walking, and she sat down on the steps of a church and examined it ruefully. There was an ugly hole: the owner made a little wry face as she looked at it, then laughed, and put it on again. "I shall earn a pair of strong ones before long," she said to herself, though not in Italian. "I must pick my steps until then." The shoe was not a peasant's shoe, yet the girl was dressed like a peasant. Her brown skirt, black bodice, and white chemisette were of the coarsest materials. Bare and sunburnt were her pretty, round arms and delicate hands; a scarlet sash hung round her waist, and scarlet ribbons tied up her hair—silky dark hair, a little bronzed at the edges. Her face was plump, dimpled, and exquisitely moulded; her eyes were dark, luminous, and full of humor. A white coif sheltered the eyes at present, and threw a transparent, flickering shadow all round the face. After the accident to her shoe the young stranger walked cautiously and with a little limp through the streets of Brescia, and the people looked after her as she went.

In a street which descends a hill five cobblers were sitting in the open air, busily engaged with their work. They sat on five wooden stools, which were close together in a line, and each man supported his feet on the rail of the seat of his neighbor. It almost seemed as if they all rode a single wooden horse down the brow of the hill, in so close and straight a file had they ranged themselves. First in the row was a very old man, with white hair and a placid countenance, who waxed his thread often, and was slow at his work; next, his sons, two elderly men, singularly like each other, except that the expression of the one was morose and abstracted, while that of the other was nervous and fierce; fourthly, a good-looking young man, with lively eyes and a confident air, who gazed about the street between every two of his stitches; and, last of all, a second young man, with an earnest, intelligent face, who seemed to give all his attention to his work. As our limping maiden came down the street she caught sight of this group, and, hastening up to them, pointed to her broken shoe.

"Ciabattini?" she asked eagerly.

Yes, they were cobblers, answered the men, raising their five heads and gazing in surprise at the liveliness and beauty of her face. Ubaldo, the old man, looked at her kindly; Trifonius, the morose, and Grifone, the fiery, regarded her with grudging admiration; while the two young men, Prisco, the son of Trifonius, and Silvio, the apprentice, gazed round at her over their shoulders with the liveliest interest and delight. As they all stared, with their thread suspended, the young stranger suddenly broke into a peal of the most deliciously mirthful laughter, which shook in the air like the song of a lark, and made the five cobblers also laugh, though they did not know what they were laughing at.

"You all look so funny!" cried the girl, drawing forth a fine white handkerchief and wiping the tears of merriment from her eyes.

"This is not business!" growled Trifonius. "Can you pay?"

"We do not work for nothing," said Grifone.

"I have no money at present," said the girl; "but I mean to pay afterwards."

"It will not do," said Trifonius.

"You can go elsewhere," said Grifone.

"Trust her, my sons!" said Ubaldo. "She is a stranger."

The girl looked up and down the street, bending the broken shoe back and forwards in her hands, and then she glanced wistfully at the row of men who refused to help her.

"If I had a needle and thread I could do it myself," she said.

"That you could not!" cried the old man. "Give it to me!"

And he turned it over and over on his knees. It was a dainty little thing, made of finest leather, embroidered in colored silks. "Pretty, very pretty!" said Ubaldo; "but not like what a peasant maiden wears. The work is too fine for my trembling fingers."

And he handed it on to Trifonius, who surveyed it suspiciously.

"Stolen!" he said, and flung it to Grifone, who tossed it to Prisco.

"Gentlemen," cried the girl, "if you will not help me, do not hurt me. I will go farther and find kinder fellow-creatures."

"Not so fast, little one!" said Prisco. "It is a pretty shoe, and deserves to be mended."

And he fell to work upon it clumsily. He was not at all skilful, and tore the delicate leather with his handling.

"A curse on it!" he cried. "It is too nice for me?"

"Give it to Il Garzone!" said Ubaldo.

And Silvio, the other young man, took the vexatious shoe in his hands, smiled at its neatness, chose a fine bit of leather, and put a delicate little patch upon the rent. Then he presented it with a look of simple good-will to the stranger maiden, who drew it on her foot and clapped her hands with delight to see how strongly it was mended.

"I will repay—I will repay! Will you trust me?" she cried, fixing fiercer eyes upon Silvio.

"That I will," he said, earnestly.

"It is nothing to him," said Prisco, quickly. "He is only our apprentice. Without our permission he could not have put a stitch in it."

"I thank every one," said the girl; "but him the most. Ah! now I can walk farther and look for work."

"Are you looking for work?" cried Prisco. "What can you do? Can you mend my boots?"

"No; but I can scrub a floor, cook a dinner, dance, sing, and tell the truth."

"She is a lively creature," whispered Prisco to his uncle Grifone.

"Why not hire her at once to supply our need?"

"Well thought on!" said Grifone. "So friendless and poor, she would work for next to nothing."

"And we can send her away without notice, if she offends," growled Trifonius.

"And it were a charitable act," said Ubaldo; "but here comes La Mugnaia, returning from her search."

A tall, meagre-looking woman came up the street and joined the group. La Mugnaia was gaunt and sallow, with a square, wrinkled face, white teeth, and large brown eyes; her head completely bound up in a yellow handkerchief. She looked stern and wary, like an old soldier; but when she smiled, her fine brown eyes softened, and a surprising sunshine warmed up the weather-beaten countenance.

"Well, Orsola!" said Trifonius, "have you succeeded in finding us a maid to take care of our house?"

"No, indeed," said Orsola.

"There is a young girl here who is seeking for work," said Ubaldo. "Question her."

"What can you do?" asked the woman of the girl.

"Put me in a house and try me."

"What payment do you expect?"

"Food and shelter, and anything you like. I have to work up the price of mending my shoe."

"I will take her with me to Verona," said La Mugnaia, "and there I will prove her. If you see her coming back you may hire her."

"It is a great deal of trouble for nothing," grumbled Prisco.

"La Mugnaia is a sensible woman," said Ubaldo. "Let her manage our affairs."

"If the signora will allow me to add some strong sandals to her shoes," said Silvio, "she will be better able for the journey."

The two women departed for Verona, and the cobblers went on with their work. During the week that followed many a glance was cast up the street by which the stranger maiden was expected to return, till, at last, one day, Silvio startled the rest by crying out,—

"Here is La Scarpetta coming over the hill!"

"Bravo!" said Ubaldo. "It is a good name—the 'Little Shoe.'"

"I foresee she will torment us," said Grifone.

"Rob us, perhaps," said Trifonius.

"Or make us very happy," said Silvio, whose gaze was fastened gladly on the merry eyes and twinkling feet of the girl who was tripping down the hill.

"You are a pair of old grumblers," said Prisco to his father and uncle. As for you," turning to Silvio, "remember, you are only, the apprentice."

"Nay, Prisco: you surely do not want to fight again," said Silvio good-humoredly. And Prisco frowned, but pretended not to hear.

"Now, tell us where you have been since," said Trifonius, "that we may know if you have been really with Orsola."

"I have been living in her little mill out in the Adige," said the girl. "The water rushed under our feet and all around us. The streets were above us, and people gazed down at us from dark arches over the water. We reached our mill by a plank, swinging on ropes, across the water. At night we carried a lantern, that we might not walk into the flood. La Mugnaia was hard as flint on the first few days, and sweet as honey at the last. She sent you a cake I have baked, a shirt I have washed, and a stocking I have mended."

The cake was tasted and eaten to the crumbs, the shirt was white as snow, the stocking was sound and no lumps on the sole.

"Go into the house," said Ubaldo; and La Scarpetta became housekeeper to the cobblers. The next evening Prisco and Silvio each presented her with a pair of sturdy shoes of his own making. Prisco's were large and clumsy, and fell off her feet; but Silvio's fitted her to a nicety. Strongly and safely shod, she danced about the floor in delight, while Silvio whistled a tune for her, and Prisco gnawed his lips in the corner.

"I am deeply in debt," said the little dancer, looking at her shoes, and then at the Garzone.

"Give me the old ones, and I am paid," said Silvio.

"I also have a right to them," said Prisco; "for my shoes would fit if she would only go soberly."

"You shall each have one," said the maiden.

"I will have both," said Prisco.

"She shall do as she pleases," said Silvio.

"Shall?" cried Prisco, insolently. "You, who came to us a pauper—you think to give law in the house!"

"Give up the shoes!" said Silvio, determinedly.

"Come, come!" cried Ubaldo. "They belong to the house, and we will use them as a sign of our trade."

And the little shoes were hung up in the window, with their broken soles hid from view and their embroidered toes turned out to the light.

After this the house of the Five Cobblers proved to be the merriest house in Brescia. La Scarpetta was found quick, active, and with a genius for making people comfortable. She was more child than woman in her frolicsome ways; yet, had wit and shrewdness enough to carry on her business, and give point and liveliness to her speech.

She had also a certain dignity and independence of manners, which won her the respect of her many masters. She made her markets before they were up in the morning, served their food delicately, kept the place garnished with flowers, and often sat at the door, in the cool of the evening, chatting to them while she mended the household linen, or helped with the finer parts of the cobbling.

"Our sister-in-law has suited us well," said Ubaldo. "This woman was really born for the comfort of man."

"Most of them being torments," said Trifonius.

"She will torment us yet!" growled Grifone.

The ancient Ubaldo was held in much esteem among his friends in Brescia; also his sons Trifonius and Grifone. They had all followed the cobbling profession from their youth, had laid up some money, and walked in honest ways. Prisco, who was their pride, was to be endowed with their savings, being already crowned with the halo of their good name. The future welfare of Prisco was the constant theme of their thoughts. Anything was good or bad, according as it affected the glory of Prisco.

"This servant-maid has bewitched our son," whispered Grifone into the ear of Trifonius, one holiday, as they set off for a walk round the town. Prisco was always known as "our son" among the elders.

"Nonsense!" cried Trifonius. "It is Silvio who is in love with her."

"You take this too easily," said Grifone. "Prisco, I tell you, is also infatuated. And do you think she will prefer Silvio, the penniless, to our son, who will inherit our property and fine position in the town?"

"This is too absurd," said Trifonius. "A foreigner, who dropped from nowhere upon us; a beggar, who cannot even tell who were her parents. What do you propose to do?"

"Send her away, of course."

"Ah," said Trifonius, "she has made us so very comfortable. Let us first reason with the young people."

"You are a fool; but here is Prisco."

"Prisco," said Trifonius, "I am anxious to tell you that you must not think of marrying La Scarpetta."

"I do not think of it," said Prisco, moodily, "though I cannot deny it would make me happy. If she were the daughter of a rich tradesman now—There must be some little honor and show about my wedding."

"Our son! our true son!" cried both the fathers.

"You will give her to the Garzone," said Grifone, joyfully.

"Are you mad?" cried Prisco. "He has not a friend in the world, and has not even learned his trade yet. Besides, she keeps us both at an equal distance."

"Good girl!" said Trifonius. "It is better thus, as she makes us so very comfortable."

La Scarpetta was standing at the fountain in the market-place with her empty pitcher poised on the brim, looking down into the quivering, golden water. The diamond ripples broke over the piquant face, the warm neck and arms, and the colors of her dress; then melted away and allowed her eyes to meet their own gaze in the tranquil depths of the basin.

"And this is I!" said the servant-maid, looking at herself. "Ah, they will never find me out. How sweet it is to taste liberty and to be loved!"

Voices caught her ear, speaking close beside her, distinct from the noise of the street. Some men stopped to read a large-lettered bill, which was posted on the wall of the fountain.

"Whom can this be?" said one. "Is she some thief, whom they want to catch, or is it a wilful lady who has run away from her friends?"

"I cannot guess," said another. "They have worded it so very carefully."

La Scarpetta turned round, and eyed the men with a frightened stare, hurriedly filled her pitcher, and then, suddenly, all the strength went out of her arms. As the men passed on she was left standing quite alone, motionless—gazing at the bill on the wall. Silvio found her thus as he passed by the fountain, coming home from his holiday walk. The anguish of distress in her face filled him with amazement. Never had he seen the saucy, mirth-provoking maiden look like this before.

"Scarpetta! Carina! Fellow-servant!" he exclaimed in wonder. "Is she suddenly changed to stone, that she does not even hear when one speaks to her?"

[To be continued.]

MEETING OF DEAF-MUTES.

THE annual meeting of the Boston Deaf-mute Mission was held on Tuesday evening last, in the room of the Boston Deaf-mute Library Association, which is the present location of the mission. A large number were present. Eleven new members were admitted, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Jonathan P. Marsh, *Leader*; Samuel Rowe, *Clerk*; William Lynde, *Treasurer*; William B. Swett, George A. Holmes, William Bailey, *Standing Committee*. The treasurer's report showed that a sufficient sum had been raised the past year, without an appeal to public charity, by the sale of sundry pamphlets and other articles, and that the "mission" had thereby been enabled to sustain public worship on Sunday and on a week-day evening, assist the needy, and furnish employment for some who would have suffered without, besides engaging in other works of charity and having oversight and care of those among the deaf-mutes who need assistance of any kind. A small balance on hand will enable operations to continue for the present, but pecuniary aid must still be rendered by the benevolent to enable the "mission" to continue its ministrations. The Sunday services are attended by large numbers resident in this city and vicinity, and the public are cordially invited to look in. Mr. William B. Swett is the business agent of the "mission," and will call upon friends for their aid.—*Boston Globe*, Oct. 16th.

AN INDIAN'S SERMON.

A SANTEE Indian, Eagle Feather by name, born and bred to the blanket and the war-whoop, stood before the congregation of St. Ann's Church yesterday afternoon. He and the Rev. Dr. Hinman are delegates from Nebraska to the Episcopal Convention. Eagle Feather, or as his Indian mother called him, Wan-mdeshun, was won from wild life by the Episcopal mission twelve years ago, when he was thirty-seven years of age. He addressed the congregation in his native tongue. Dr. Hinman translated, sentence by sentence, and the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet simultaneously made a second translation for the deaf-mutes who form a part of St. Ann's Church. Eagle Feather talked long and fluently.

Eagle Feather has a placid face, smooth and glossy jet black hair, and the only reminder of Indian costume was a handsome pair of moccasins.

Donald McKay, of Captain Jack fame, and five Walla Wallas from the Pacific coast, pressed through the crowd which were shaking hands with Eagle Feather after the services, and the strangers, unable to exchange a word, and looking like far distant cousins, greeted each other. The Walla Wallas wore their hair long, loose, and flowing. They had broad, bright, and smiling faces, lighter complexions than the Santee Sioux, Wan-mdeshun; and one wrapped a large bright-striped blanket around him as they strode away.—*N. Y. Sun*, Oct. 26.

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WASHINGTON, NOVEMBER 1, 1874.

THE courtesies of our Canadian friends, during the recent convention at Belleville, surpassed anything of the kind which such gatherings have experienced; and it would seem that though far from sight we are still to memory dear, for a gentleman in Canada, to whom Dr. Gillett sold a draft for \$88, recently sent \$2 to the Doctor, saying that he had re-sold the draft for \$90, and the difference belonged to the Doctor.

HOWARD GLYNDON seems to have been as much tickled as most of the readers of *The Journal* were, over that unluckily blunder of the compositor, by which *The Journal* man was made to call his own remarks "wild." Our own smile upon discovering it was transient, for, directly thereafter, we found that our own compositor had improved upon Webster, and spelt "dissertation" without the third syllable. But, while we sympathize with *The Journal*, we should only acknowledge the justice of the judgment, were its man sent in search of another situation, to prevent insubordination in our own camp; for we think the compositor knew better what he was about than the writer when he penned that article.

THE *Advance* is to become an illustrated paper on the first of January next. This will be very acceptable to its readers; for its pure and lofty text often requires illustrations to make it clear to our dull intellects. We shall look with eagerness for the series of illustrations depicting "Cleric's monuments;" or a marriage of deaf-mutes regarded in the light of an enterprise analogous to societies and newspapers. What a ghastly picture its first page for Oct. 28, would present though! There we have a "dumb angel meeting a dumb devil, and a dead man running away" as fast as he can; another man is "facing death," and some children are playing dead; while gypsies, witches, "diabolical compounds," tombs, dens, screech-owls, and lawyers are scattered around indiscriminately.

THE deaf-mutes, of Salem, Massachusetts, for several years, contributors of the United Society of Deaf-mutes in Boston, have formed an independent local organization, with the objects of furnishing religious privileges to the deaf and dumb. The new organization will be called the "Salem Society of Deaf-mutes," with William M. Chamberlain as clerk, and P. W. Packard as treasurer. An appeal is made to the public of Salem, for aid, requesting those who have usually contributed to the Boston Society to reserve their contributions for the home association, as, otherwise, they will not be benefited by such contributions. The appeal is signed by Henry A. Chapman, Hardy P. Chapman, Thomas F. Lorigan, Maggie Lorigan, Charles Campbell, John A. Prince, A. E. Packard, P. W. Packard, and William M. Chamberlain.

If our friends are inclined to complain, because they do not see notices of the doings of their acquaintances in THE SILENT WORLD as often as they wish, they should remember that we are not ubiquitous—we can not be in all places at the same time,—and we depend very often on the kindness of our readers for personal and other items. Send us all you know certainly about your school-friends, each one of you, and then, if you fail to find the paper newsy, we will own that the sole blame lies with us.

JOHN HAMPDEN is, evidently, a person of bilious temperament, if we are to judge from his general dissatisfaction with the existing order of things, as revealed in his letter elsewhere. While rubbing the smarts which his free tilt has inflicted on us, we can not help smiling at the havoc he creates in our neighbor's camp; and we hope that he is but the fore-runner of a host that is to thoroughly rout that odious State appropriation, and compel a change of base on the part of our cotemporary. Yes, friends of *The Journal*, you ought to forsake the disgraceful position which you now hold. Your own good sense tells you so; and this is evident to all by the studied silence you have maintained ever since you discovered that it was impossible for you to defend your course. John Hampden recommends, as we have done, that the legislature be induced to give this appropriation to the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb in New York, to be used in the instruction of the pupils in the art of printing; and *The Journal* had better adopt his advice, and gracefully yield, not wait till it is forced to disgorge, for there will be no credit in that.

IN regard to associations of the deaf and dumb, we think our correspondent lays the blame where it is not justly due. As long as their system of education remains what it is; and as long as they have a language which makes them foreigners in their native land, deaf-mutes will continue to seek each others' company, to hold conventions and to organize associations among themselves. And who will say they can be justly blamed for indulging in the tastes and inclinations in which they have been schooled all their lives? We would be as rational to expect the hearing man to give up his spoken language and associate only with the deaf and dumb.

THE Annual Report of the Manchester (England) Society, for Promoting the Spiritual and Temporal Welfare of the Adult Deaf and Dumb, for the year 1873, has lain on our table for some time. But this fact will not, in the least, diminish the interest our readers will feel in noting the increased usefulness of the organization. In furnishing religious services, and week-day lectures there is a decided increase over the preceding year. The number of places where Divine service is now held in the surrounding towns, has increased to six; and, besides a regular chaplain and assistant, a large staff of lay preachers are employed. The list of week-day lectures has increased to forty-one, and the attendance at these shows a pleasing increase. Of the forty-one lectures, twenty-four were by deaf-mute gentlemen. In obtaining employment for those out of work, "so successful have the agents of the Society been in removing prejudices, that no steady, well-conducted man or woman, need fear being long out of employment when recommended by this Society." One of the good results of the house visitation of the agents of the Society is the discovery of thirteen neglected deaf-mute children, who, under the fostering care of the Society, have been placed at the Old Trafford School. The Society is making efforts to erect a building of its own; and, towards this end, they have now raised some \$1,809 and have the promise of about \$5,000 more, on condition of raising from \$5,000 to \$25,000.

[CORRESPONDENCE.]

"WILD REMARKS."

To the Editors of THE SILENT WORLD:

THE truth will always out in some way, and an amusing illustration of this was furnished not long since by the types characterizing, with singular felicity, the somewhat incoherent editorial observations in *The Deaf-mutes' Journal* entitled "A Few Words About Articulation," as "Wild Remarks."

The Journal must pardon me for saying that the editorial alluding to "More Remarks About Articulation," (which were in no way intended to be personal) shoots so far wide of the mark, so studiously avoids all the main points of my argument, and so persistently misrepresents what I really did say, that it also seems to come properly under the comprehensive heading of "Wild Remarks."

HOWARD GLYNDON.

Mystic River, Conn., Oct. 21st, 1874.

A DEAF-MUTE HERMIT.

LAST Spring there came to this city an old man, tall and spare, with gray hair and bright piercing eyes; he was nervous, restless, wandering. His dress consisted of a long flowing coat of thin light-colored material, tied around the waist with a string; a cravat of such ample dimensions as to hide any collar; a black stove-pipe hat, that had seen its best days long ago, worn squarely on the head; dark tightly-fitting pants, the upper part half hidden by his long coat, the lower ends concealed in the ample rubber boots that came up to and partly above his knees. This man, on whom every passer-by turned to look, spoke not a word, as he walked along. He kept on past the depot, up Asylum Street and turned into the street on which the High School Building is situated. Here he stopped. It was evening and getting quite dark. The building was deserted, but he went up to the door and knocked. By and by he knocked again. No answer came to his call. He went round to a window and tried to open it, but it was fast. Knocking and trying the doors and windows, he attracted the attention of a passer-by, who approached and discovered he was deaf and dumb. He thought the High School Building was the American Asylum! He was conducted here and given a supper and lodging but got up and prowled around in the middle of the night, frightening the domestics, who were near, yet doing nothing worse. He was regarded as half-crazy, and treated kindly.

It was years since he had left the Institution, and of his old officers or teachers, none were left to give him a welcome. None, except Rev. W. W. Turner, on whom he called. And what do you think he wanted? A situation as teacher! He felt sure he could take charge of a new class, teaching cat, dog, cow, &c. But he was dissuaded from his purpose to teach, and sent home to his friends in Salem, Conn., from whom he had come on foot all the way.

The following paragraph, clipped from a city daily, tells the rest of his sad story:

DEATH OF A HERMIT.

Laban Strickland, an unmarried deaf-mute between fifty and sixty years of age, who has lived the life of a hermit in Salem for many years, was found dead in his home by his brother, Wednesday. Not having been seen for two months or more, and at that time complaining of "not feeling well," his brother broke into his house, and found him lying across the bed, dead, his head hanging over the edge and his body very much decomposed. It is supposed that he died from starvation. No one knows how long he had been dead, as he lived alone, far distant from neighbors, and has not allowed any one to cross his threshold for years. It is said

that he concealed the fact of his sister's death (also a deaf-mute), which took place some ten years ago, until it was accidentally discovered by his brother, who called to see him regarding his taxes.

He had kept the dead body in his house over two weeks. He appeared in Colchester, last spring, and, from the peculiar manner in which he was clad, and his violent gestures, was by many supposed to be insane.

W. L. B.

American Asylum, Hartford, Conn., Oct. 22, 1874.

A PURITAN SPEAKS.

To the Editors of THE SILENT WORLD:

AFTER inquiring into the merits of the several deaf-mute papers, now existing, I must unhesitatingly say that THE SILENT WORLD is the best conducted journal; and, yet, good as it is, I am not satisfied.

When I hear, as I have often done, that such and such a paper for deaf-mutes is a pretty good thing, I can't help thinking of Beecher's comparison to a *pretty good egg*. If the egg is not absolutely perfect you send it away from the table; and so it should be with a pretty good paper. I have a feeling of supreme pity and contempt for some of the papers for deaf-mutes which weekly pour forth their farrago of nonsense; and I plead with you for down-right accuracy and common sense. It is a simple and easy matter, by the exercise of a little modesty and perseverance, to make one's self capable of editing a paper for deaf-mutes in a manner that would benefit the class; but it is an abominable fact, that any one of you who thinks he knows a thing, thinks that he knows enough to be an editor, and straightway invests in a printing-office and starts a paper for deaf-mutes. He now conceives himself to be the magnate of newspaperdom; apes the manner of his superiors; delivers his opinions with oracular solemnity; and lords it over his fellows in fine style—all, perchance, because he wields a goose-quill over four columns of a country newspaper somewhere up in the northern part of New York. You are all but "a parterre of semi-intellectual peacocks, strutting about with a few fine feathers trailing along the dusty highway of learning." I say to you all: "Doff your feathers"; and chiefly, to you, of THE SILENT WORLD; for, in you, I conceive, there is hope.

My indignation is augmented, when I think that the editor of one of our papers is paid a large sum annually from the State treasury of New York, to enable it to inflict wonderfully stupid platitudes upon the general public. As if it were not shame enough that papers, like some of those in existence for deaf-mutes, can exist, we must have the additional shame of standing before the world as a body of beggars, continually forced upon us. Why can not the money be given to the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb to teach the pupils printing, and the paper published there, if it must be so? Or, as well, let the paper "go to smash," and the money to the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes.

Another mania, which has seized upon the deaf and dumb, is that for organizing "deaf-mute" associations in every town where there happens to be a score of the class. They get together, adopt some high-sounding name, in which the word deaf-mute is oppressively conspicuous, collect a hundred cheap volumes, and a few papers by dint of hard begging, and proceed at once to elevate the class higher than the clouds. Such stupidity makes me impatient, when it is remembered that, in these very towns, there are public libraries, like those of the Young Men's Christian Associations, the Astor, Cooper, Mercantile and Lenox, of New York, and Cobb's and the Metropolitan of Chicago, all possessing many thousands of volumes and a great variety of periodicals. Deaf-mutes can as readily become members of such libraries as other people, and derive infinitely greater benefit from them than

from their own petty organizations. The intercourse they would be brought into with hearing people, would, of itself, be of much more benefit than all the advantages that the deaf-mute organizations can plead. I aver that there is not the slightest need for the associations which are now getting so numerous; and I hope all intelligent deaf-mutes will use their influence against them, and endeavor to induce deaf-mutes to join public libraries and Young Men's Christian Associations instead.

I suppose it is useless for me to ask any to come out and take their stand with me in opposition to the nefarious scheme of beggary, which is forced upon us by the managers of a paper, published ostensibly in our interest; but it is none the less a shame that we, of the State of New York, who, tacitly, if not openly, claim to be the most intelligent community in the country, can calmly submit to have our fair name thus tarnished. I, for one, shall use what little influence I have to stop the appropriation, or transfer it to the Faubus Institution, or to the Home for the Aged. How soon this end would be attained if all of the intelligent deaf-mutes of the State would join with me in demanding the overthrow of this wrong!

Yours truly,

JOHN HAMPDEN.

New York, Oct. 10th 1874.

BROOKLYN, E. D., Oct. 15, 1874.

To the Editors of THE SILENT WORLD:

THE members of the Sunny Side Social Club invite the public at large, who are interested in the above organization to visit them at their club room, 71 Skillman Avenue, Brooklyn at any time. The doors are open, day and night. I enclose you an account of our last sociable.

Respectfully,

THOMAS GODFREY, President.

THE SUNNY SIDE SOCIAL CLUB.

THIS unique association, composed entirely of deaf-mutes residing in this District, gave a sociable at their parlors 71 Skillman Avenue, Brooklyn, last evening, which was enjoyed by a large number of their friends and relatives. But little difficulty was experienced in forming the sets, as the young men who could not hear knew what to do by watching their lady friends; and the dancing was excellent under the circumstances. The officers of the club are I. T. Godfrey, President; F. Klingman, Vice-President; W. A. Bond, Secretary; W. E. Schenck, Treasurer, and Henry Elliott, Sergeant-at-Arms. Among those present our reporter noticed Messrs. I. Ward, jr., George H. Witschief, S. Schloss, all of New York, and C. O'Brien, of Tarrytown, with Messrs. F. Streiner, L. Vorhees, and Mr. and Mrs. Miller, Misses. M. Wallet, E. M. Elliott, Mrs. Susie Sausman, Mrs. Ellen, Miss I. Allen, and many others. We were much surprised to find that most of the ladies were speaking persons. Mr. H. C. Wood, brother-in-law of the Secretary, was chosen Floor Manager and did all he could to please the guests. Mrs. H. C. Wood was also seen among the guests. Each lady was presented with a small bouquet. McGeen furnished music. In an ante-room was discovered a large table, bountifully loaded with the most tempting of viands, of which the guests heartily partook. Great credit is due to Mrs. Bond and her daughter for their management of the hospitalities. After the collation dancing was resumed and continued until the light of the morning peeped through the windows. It is said that the club intends to give another party on November 30th and December 31st, 1874. Each member of the club wore a beautiful badge which presented an admirable appearance.—*Brooklyn Times*.

PERSONAL.

JAMES H. PURVIS, the "Great American Deaf-mute Traveler," is stopping at Hays City, Kansas, on his way to the "Black Hills."

JOHN DONNELL, of the Pension Office, Washington, D. C., has been exploring the Chesapeake Bay and vicinity since the 15th ult.

MR. SAMUEL M. DE YOUNG and Miss Helen Louisa Hart, of Rochester, New York, were married on the 23d of September last.

W. B. LATHROP, formerly of the National Deaf-mute College, is now living in Augusta, Georgia. At present he is seeking work as printer.

MR. W. J. NELSON, formerly of the College, attended the Clerc Dedication at Hartford, Conn., and has been visiting his friends elsewhere for sometime.

MRS. G. A. THOMPSON, formerly of the Institution for Deaf and Dumb at Belleville, Ontario, Canada, has been appointed Matron of the Nebraska Institution, at Omaha.

MR. JAMES SIMPSON, the valedictorian of the New York High Class of '73, is in the business at Flint, Michigan. Delos, his older brother, is at the College in Washington, D. C.

MR. H. W. SYLE, in *The Journal* of October 22d, writes an interesting correspondence on "The Clerc Memorial Dedication." It will be continued in a few successive editions.

ALEXANDER FERGUSON, a graduate of the Glasgow Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, recently rescued a small boy from drowning in Troon Dock, Scotland. Mr. Ferguson has rescued forty-seven lives drowning in the principal rivers of England, Ireland and Scotland.

COLLEGE RECORD.

THE Literary Society has introduced a new feature in the selection of questions for debate. The President proposes four or five, and the debaters determine between themselves which shall be debated. Such a change may, for a while, be quite feasible and perhaps may tend to make the meetings a little more lively; but we venture to predict that it will soon lose its novelty and that much dissatisfaction will be one of the results. The debate on the selection may be warmer than the debate on the question itself. Observation leads us to believe that the debaters would naturally select the easiest question, or in other words, each would prefer the one of which he had the most knowledge and in all cases, except those of a tie vote, between the debaters and even then there would be an unfairness between the sides. The majority prefer such and such a question because they "know all about it," the minority object to it because they know very little of it, hence there would be very little inducement for either side to make a study of the question. The one party feeling sure of defeat, and the other contenting itself with being wise in its own conceit.

While this may lessen the arduous duties of the President, we think such a proceeding is less becoming to a College society than one of a Primary Institution where pleasure is more an object than profit.

MESSRS. Murphy and Frisbee have returned.

ONE tile to the credit of the Seniors; ditto Preps.

A SOPH. wishes to know what is the most common fire-side tale.—Dixie thinks it is a cat's.

A LITTLE application of boot polish would dispel the idea that we have grangers among the Students.

THE excavation for the foundation of the new College building will soon be ready for the masonry work.

TUTOR DRAPER is the champion walkist of the Institution: he can do his mile in eleven and a-half minutes.

"RAVEL" JONES, will we have a pantomime during the holidays?

WHY don't "Ravel" Jones turn somersaults like Gabriel? Too fat? THE party of Students who attended the tournament last week, were attractive than the knights.

THE work men who are breaking stones in the rear of the College object to having the contents of slop pails emptied upon their heads.

THERE have been five additions to the number of boys in the Primary Department this year. Two come from the distant states of Kansas and Michigan.

THE two new houses for Professor Fay and Mr. Denison are up to the second story. It looks entirely unnatural to see piles of brick and mortar scattered around the grounds.

A JUNIOR asked a young lady the following conundrum: "If small girls are wafers, are large ones wafers?" "Certainly," she replied "At any rate, the boys are in the habit of applying them to their lips in sealing their vows."

THE magazines and newspapers of the Reading Room have been sold to highest bidder, who is to take them through the College year. The average price paid equalled the cost to the club. Being second hand, this is considered rather high. One purchaser secured eight different publications,—his bill, \$11.36. His motto. "Reading makes a ready man."

BULLETIN notice, Oct. 25th, '74—Students wishing to see the eclipse of the moon, and notwithstanding to sit up till 12 o'clock, P. M., will be called at proper time, by leaving their names with C. M. R. or J. M. P. or signing them on the appended blank. Soon the following trio appeared D. A. Simpson, D. W. George and A. W. Hazelett. We wonder if these would be observers obtained a glimpse? Moral—Consult your almanacs, and you will be more sure of your bacon.

No tick yet.

INSTITUTION NEWS.

MICHIGAN.

THE democrats, of Genesee County, are down upon the manage men of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb; and, at a late convention, held at Flint, they launched the following resolution against it:

Resolved, That we have for years viewed with an honest State pride the educational and humane and Christian Institutions of our State, so evenly scattered over our fair peninsula, but that it is with feelings of regret we are here forced to express our honest opinion as to the manner in which the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind has been managed in this city for the past year, internally and externally, and that its officers demand at the earliest practicable period a change.

The following lines were written by Miss E. M. Bolt, of this Institution and may be of interest to those of our readers who, like her, are pupils, and to others also:

A DREAM.

I had a nice dream last night, mother,
And now I must tell it to you:
'T was a calm and pleasant dream, mother,
And I wish it had only been true.

I dreamed I was once more a child, mother,
In the old homestead so dear,
And playing in childish glee, mother,
With brothers and sisters near.

Our father sat by the door, mother,
And watched us in our play;
And we played in quiet peace, mother,
Till the twilight closed the day.

But I awoke to find it a dream, mother.
Oh, if it had only been true;
But they are all gone, gone, mother,
And I have none left but you.

But we to each other will cling, mother,
Till the message of death shall come,
And then we will part on earth, mother,
To meet in our heavenly home.

KENTUCKY.

THE first week of the session closed with seventy-one pupils in attendance, thirteen of whom are new ones—a larger number than usual heretofore at the same period. The number reported to date (Oct. 15) is seventy-four. About fifteen of the old and a number of new ones are yet to come.

During the vacation the halls and parlors have been elegantly papered and painted, and the latter newly furnished; the school rooms

have also undergone renovation and are now supplied with new desks and other educational appliances; the dormitories supplied with new bedding; and a platform has been constructed in the chapel, giving one an unobstructed view of the lecturer. The substitution of gas for the dangerous coal-oil lamps is next in order. "a consummation devoutly to be wished," and we hope soon to add it to the other improvements.
—*Kentucky Deaf-mute.*

MONTREAL.

THE fourth annual general meeting and public examination of the pupils of the Protestant Institution for Deaf-mutes took place on Oct. 15th, and was largely attended. Much interest in the exercise was exhibited.

The report of the Board of Managers showed the number of pupils in attendance at the end of the school year to be twenty; twelve being free pupils, seven paying full, and one partial fees. The Board was convinced that larger buildings and additional grounds were required for the proper working of the Institution, and had obtained five acres of land in Mount Royal Vale for that purpose at a very moderate price. It was proposed to erect buildings on this land at a cost of about \$25,000. To meet this, the property now in their possession it was believed would realize \$13,400, leaving them about \$12,000 to raise. An appeal was made to their Protestant fellow-citizens to aid in this undertaking.

The Principal's report gave an interesting account of the workings of the Institution, the number of pupils who had attended it since its foundation, the causes of their infirmities, and the section of the Province from which they came, etc. The boys had made many articles of utility and ornament in the carpenter's shop, as well as doing all necessary repairs to the Institution. In the printing office they had turned out a book of nearly a hundred pages, which had been written by the Principal, the annual report, and numerous small jobs. Much hope for the future prosperity of the Institution was expressed, the receipt of donations acknowledged, and the names of donors given.

The Medical report evidenced that the health of the pupils had been well attended to and with good results.

The examination of the highest class showed the boys to be well up in arithmetic and geography, concerning which they answered questions from the audience. An exercise in articulation was given, also an amusing pantomime entitled "The Professor of Signs and the Spanish Ambassador."

The examination of the junior and second class showed the pupils to have made wonderful progress for the time they had been under tuition.

Among the exercises was a deaf-mute's essay on "The Advantages of Education to Deaf-mutes."

Alderman Nelson, in moving that the reports, read, be accepted expressed his pleasure at the proficiency of the pupils of the school, but felt saddened by the thought that there were 780 deaf and dumb persons, yet in the Province, who had received no education.

The following persons were elected to serve with the Life Governors as members of the Board of Governors during the ensuing year:—Mesdame Allan, E. K. Greene, and Mackenzie; and Messrs. Thos. Cramp, J. G. McKenzie, J. McLennan, Joseph Mackay, C. Gould, Alfred Brown, C. J. Brydges, Edward Mackay, F. Wolferstan Thomas, T. M. Thomson and F. Mackenzie.—*The Montreal Witness.*

AUSTRALIA.

A NEW Institution for the deaf and dumb and the blind is soon to be opened at Adelaide, South Australia. Thus three colonies, New-South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia will each have its own Institution.

IRELAND.

ON the invitation of Miss W. Tredennick, the Rev. George W. A. Downing, Chaplain of the Manchester Society for Adult Deaf and Dumb, assisted by Mr. J. B. Jones, of the Society, is making a missionary tour through Ireland, in behalf of the Society. At Belfast they were joined by Messrs. Clarke and Fethenney, and on Sunday morning, Aug. 16th, religious exercise were held, Mr. Downing conducting them. On the following day a public meeting was held to inaugurate the movement. The chairman, the Rev. Dr. Hannay, Vicar of Belfast, spoke, at some length, in favor of the movement, and showed how excellent such a work would be to inaugurate in Belfast and other places, since the result of the Manchester Society had been so beneficial. Addresses were also made by other reverend gentlemen who thought the matter of great importance. Rev. Mr. Downing gave interesting statistics of the deaf and dumb in the United Kingdom, by it appeared which that in 1851 there were 17,300; in 1861, 20,000; and in 1871, 19,000. In 1851 there were 1,300 educated at schools, in 1861 there were 1,640, and in 1871, the number had increased to 1,979. In Ireland alone, in 1851, there were 4,700 deaf and dumb, in 1861, 5,600; and in 1871, 5,500.

From Belfast the deputation proceeded to Ballyshannon, where they

were met by Miss Tredennick. Rev. Mr. Downing, assisted by Rev. S. G. Cochrane, held religious service; a general meeting was also held. Mr. Hewson, a deaf and dumb gentleman from Dublin, and Mr. Edward Rowlands, also deaf and dumb, a missionary, from Wales, made earnest appeals in behalf of their brethren, Mr. Downing interpreting their addresses. The silent service was particularly touching to those who had never before witnessed any thing of a similar kind.

Mr. Jones being compelled to return home, Mr. Downing continued the remainder of the journey alone. On the 24th he visited some deaf and dumb living in Bogle. On the 26th, he held religious service in the Cathedral at Cork. From here he proceeded to Dublin, where assisted by Rev. T. Peacey, he held religious service. After the service there was a celebration of the Holy Communion, twenty-six of the deaf and dumb being among the recipients. Thus ended the tour, most gratifying in its results, most cheering in its prospects, most hopeful in its future. May the seed sown by feeble hands, be watered, through the fructifying showers of God's Holy Spirit, that they may bring forth in the hearts of our silent brothers and sisters on abundant harvest, to the honor of His holy name.—*English Magazine for the Deaf and Dumb.*

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

'Tis never too late to marry or to mend.

Man and wife are one, but which one?—is the question.

Four persons out of five in Switzerland are landed proprietors.

Alexander H. Stephens, in a three-hour speech, recently advocated the third term.

Each one of the whole human race, on an average, uses 70 ounces of tobacco a year.

A displayed head line in a Western paper read: "Desperate assault—the murdered man not expected to live."

A sign at Ramsay's Station, on the Erie Railway, reads: "Cane-bottom chairs are re-fixed and re-bottomed inside."

"How many people," says Jeremy Taylor, "are busy in this world gathering together a handful of thorns to sit upon."

A low-spirited horse committed suicide in Hardin county, Ill., by sticking his nose into the mud and holding it there till he was smothered to death.

At the Cincinnati Exposition, a card gave the following touching but practical information: "If you try our coffins once you will never use any others."

Railroad employees in Nevada, from the conductor to the fireman, carry firearms, for the purpose of putting gamblers and other thieves off the trains.

A man had just died in Warsaw, Ind., who has had six wives, to the last of which he was married twice. He was divorced from all but one of them.

A New Haven minister has been preaching on the recent rush among the Yale students, using the text: "And the whole herd ran violently down a steep place into the sea, and perished in the waters."

When Dr. Cox was living in Brooklyn, he kept a large dog in a kennel in the rear of the house, the dog being somewhat given to biting. The Doctor placed over the kennel the admonition, "Teeth inserted here."

An old lady from the country, with six unmarried daughters, went to Augusta, Ga., the other day, hunting for the Patrons of Husbandry. She means business.

An English physician during a lecture to a female audience, on the use of alcoholic beverages asserted that the "babies of London are never sober from their birth until they are weaned."

It is understood that the President will, in his forthcoming message to Congress, again urge that some action be taken, looking to a resumption of specie payment, at as early a day as practicable.

Milton, the blind poet, was one day asked by a friend of female education, if he did not intend to instruct his daughter in the different languages. "No, sir," replied Milton, "one tongue is sufficient for a woman."

An operator on the Paris Bourse died with a broken heart because of his failure to meet his obligations. He died only a few weeks since, but he said: "Write on my coffin that I died on April 5; that was the day on which I did not pay my differences."

At the junction of the Delaware river with the Navesink at Port Jervis, in a laurel grove, is a flat stone which is marked with boundary lines, so that a man can put his foot on three States at the same time, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania.

Brick vaults and safes are now manufactured so that any attempt to reach their interior, breaks sundry bottles filled with sulphuric acid into powdered carbonate of lime. This produces instantaneously carbonic acid gas enough to suffocate a regiment of burglars.

At a dinner recently given by a Russian lady in London the table was entirely covered with moss, and the only evidence of a white table-cloth was seen in that portion which hung at the sides of the table. Flowers were profusely introduced, and the effect was altogether unique.

An Oregon editor thinks that offering a bounty for Indian scalps would be the surest way to make the red man keep his wigwam.

The Americans who recently defeated the Irish in a rifle shooting match by a score of 934 to 931, have accepted the challenge of the latter to a return match at Dublin in 1875.

Runeberg, an aged Swedish poet, has for several years past been studying the habits of birds; especially in regard to the causes of migration. He concludes that the longing for light is the sole impulse which causes the birds to vibrate between northern and southern lands. They seek the richest light.

A Detroit young woman tried to be aristocratic, and did not look at the money that she gave the horse-car conductor, but he meekly gave her back the lozenge on which was written, "I'll never cease to love thee," and said that he was an orphan with five little brothers to support, and must be excused.

A Mobile man, on returning home recently, was surprised to receive the congratulations of his family on his happy escape from drowning. He thought somebody has been playing a joke on them, and laughed heartily until he found that they had given his best suit of clothes to the colored man who brought the news, and who said he was sent for some dry clothes.

About 700 persons take their meals at Memorial Hall, Harvard College, and the new building is very popular. Some forty applicants for admission to the university were rejected at the examinations this year. Fifty have presented themselves for admission at the October examinations. All the College rooms have been rented for the first time in several years.

A writer in *The St. Paul Press* tells a new story of Horace Greeley. Horace wrote a note to a brother editor in New York whose writing was equally illegible with his own. The recipient of the note not being able to read it, sent it back by the same messenger to Mr. Greeley for elucidation. Supposing it to be the answer to his own note. Mr. Greeley looked over it but likewise was unable to read it, and said to the boy: "Go take it back. What does the fool mean?" "Yes sir," said the boy, "that is just what he says."

There is a young lady, near Vicksburg, Mississippi, who is deserving of a statue. She is born of excellent parentage, reared carefully and well, of excellent mind, and the most unblemished reputation—in short, a lady nineteen years of age, and a first-class farmer! She has this year planted and made a good crop of cotton, and has already picked, brought to the city, and sold one bale at a good price, while three colored laborers upon the same place have not ginned a bale.

A remarkable instance of canine fidelity was witnessed recently at Columbia, S. C., F. L. McKenzie, son of John McKenzie, a confectioner, was found dead in the suburbs, with a pistol ball in his head and a revolver lying across his body. His dog refused to let any one approach him, and even repelled the Coroner and the jury. When the father arrived the dog received him with evident joy, and allowed him to examine the corpse.

Here is an Irish gentleman's letter to his son in college: "My Dear Son—I write to send you two pairs of my old breeches, that you may have a new coat made out of them; also some new socks which your mother has just knit by cutting down some of mine. Your mother sends you two pounds without my knowledge, and for fear you may not use it wisely I have kept back half and only send you one. Your mother and I are well, except that your sister has got the measles which we think would have spread among the other girls if Tom had not had it before and he is the only one left. I hope you will do an honor to my teachings; if not, you are an ass, and your mother and myself are your affectionate parents."